

F R E N C H
NOVELS,

CONTAINING,

- I. The History of the Marquis de *Cri-
ton*: Or, *The Substantial Lover.*
- II. The History of the Collonel and
Mademoiselle de *Valence*: Or, *The
Strange Effects of Chance.*
- III. The History of Mademoiselle de
Roi: Or, *The Fatal Consequences of
Jealousy.*

Translated from the *French* by a young LADY.

L O N D O N :

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TO THE
 Young, *the* Fair, and *the*
 Gay.

LADIES,



WHEN I reflect on the common Method of Our Education, I'm not at all surpris'd that Romances, Plays, and Novels, are Our favourite Books, and I attribute Our Distaste of serious Reading more to that, than to any Inability in Our Understandings. 'Tis true, several little female Accomplishments must, of necessity, be acquired; such as the Exercise of the Needle, in all the Variety of it, and what of Our Time We can spare from this, and some such Acquirements, to which Our Sex are, if I may so speak, by Nature subjected, must be employ'd in

a close Attention to the Methods of governing Families, that We may not appear to be altogether Novices, when We enter upon the Matrimonial State; so that I conclude Our Ignorance is necessitated: But after all, I believe 'tis Our Advantage; for that mighty Monarch, MAN, who has, by Art and Study, improved his Understanding to such a high Degree, what other Advantage does he draw from it, but that as he increases in Knowledge, he decreases in Goodness, and in the Philosopher loses the Christian? Better for Us to move in a lower Sphere, and to value Ourselves upon Our honest Simplicity.

THE following Novels, no Romances, may be of use to young unenter'd Girls, as well as to those who have Amours upon their Hands; I my self am of the first Class, and as I have no notion but that I shall speedily get into the second, for my own sake, as well as for the good of Society, I have attempted a Translation, tho' no ways qualified for such an Undertaking: However as I'm a Woman, and only write to Women, if I meet with Their Indulgence, let that censorious Creature MAN do his worst, and ——— But pardon me, LADIES, I was running my self into a Digression, which would have swell'd this Dedication to the Bulk of of a Preface, and as seldom either the one or the other are read, because they are mostly founded on the sordid Prospects of a Reward from a Patron, and Self-conceit in an Author, but as none
of

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of those Views influence me, I'm hopeful my Patronesses will look upon this Address in a quite different Light, and be persuaded, that such a bold Attempt, as mine is, must be the Effect of very warm Wishes, and a powerful Desire of being useful to the Sex. We see, in the first of the three following Novels, how different the Marquis de Criton's Conduct is from that of our whining Lovers, full of smooth Words, and no more; one of his obliging little Stratagems are worth a whole Volume of Compliments, and a Million of Sighs. Then the next, which is the Story of Miss Valence, shows us, that if a Woman is silly enough to yield to a pressing Lover, a Caprice of Dame Chance may ruin all her Precautions: She indeed happen'd to fall into good Hands, but where's the Collonel now a-days, that wou'd not have blabb'd out the Story, and ruin'd poor Miss's Reputation? 'Tis true, in *France* what they call *une Inclination*, that's to say, in plain *English*, a Favour granted to a Lover on the Prospect of Matrimony, is not look'd upon, in that Country, as criminal; but our Notions of Virtue are stricter, and our Politics better, than to grant certain Freedoms to a Man whom we intend to make a Husband of, which may be thrown in our Teeth, when the Honey-Month's over. My Grandmamma often told me, (and she, good Woman! spoke from Experience) that, as it was in the Nature of Man to love Variety, no Woman of Sense would let him taste, till he was tied

Neck and Heels. I'm resolved to follow this Direction, and I wish it may become general.

NOW, LADIES, let me close the Scene with Miss *de Roi*, the Heroine of our third Novel. Tho' 'tis a terrible Mortification on a beautiful Woman, to have her Face disfigur'd, by the Malice of a Rival, yet 'tis still a more terrible Misfortune to lose one's Honour, under the specious Pretext of Love: Miss *Bertrand* hired a Russian to break her Rival's Face, but *Des Landes* broke her Fortune. Let her Fate teach Us not to trust to deceitful Man's Protestations, and lay down this as an infallible Maxim, That they look upon Us to be vicious or extremely silly, when they attack Our Honour: Let Us despise the Man who leaves Us, because he can't ruin Us; and let the whole Race of Men perish, rather than that We should yield to base and unworthy Terms. This is my Religion, and this my Enthusiasm; and I heartily pray, that Heaven wou'd be pleased to diffuse it thro' the whole of Our Sex, to whom I wish all good things with a Heart that knows no Deceit,





INTRODUCTION.



ADVENTURES, real or fictitious, usually begin with Family Descriptions of the principal Actors, and the *French*, more than any Nation, are addicted to this trifling Formality; but tho' it may be necessary in a Country, where Birth, and what they call the *Noblesse* are in such high esteem, and where no Adventures confin'd to the Plebeian Class will go down, yet as it is of no moment to us, whether our Adventurer sprang from a Race of Ancestors, Sword or Robe, noble, or even at all noble, I have put my Thumb upon that Part of the *French* Introduction.

'**T**HO' the Reader is not to expect, here, that Variety of Incidents, those amorous Rhapsodies, or artful Flatteries that adorn the *Spanish* Novels; yet still there's something so peculiar and pretty in our *Marquefs's* Manner of making Love, that I dare say, the Ladies, who are acquainted with the
 Delicacy

Delicacy of that Passion, will discover, in his Contrivances, a most agreeable and refin'd Taste, and more substantial Proofs of a sincere Attachment, than in all the Rhetoric of persuasive Words.

SHOULD any of the more rigid of the Fair Sex fancy, that *Isabella* was a little too credulous, and perhaps too compliant at first; let them consider, that *Cupid* makes short Work with Hearts, which naturally draw to one another, and that this young Lady, tho' unexperienced in Love, and consequently under no Suspicion of Treachery, still confin'd her Heart and Wishes within the Bounds that Honour prescribes, which ought to excuse any little Mistakes in the formal Part of her Behaviour, and certainly will with all, except the precise Prude.





H I S T O R Y
O F T H E
Marquis de CRITON:
O R,
The Substantial Lover.
N O V E L I.



NE Evening as the *Marques*s was retiring to his Lodgings, betwixt the Hours of twelve and one, he chanced to meet with a genteel young Lady; and finding her all alone in the Street, at this unseasonable Hour, concluded she was a Woman of the Town: In that opinion, he made boldly up to her, and ask'd, without Ceremony, Where she was going so late, and if she was not afraid to lose herself? 'No, Sir, *answer'd she*, I'm so well acquainted with the Way to the Place
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‘ where my Business calls me, that I’m in no fears
‘ of losing my Road. Give me leave however,
‘ Madam, *replied he*, to wait upon you: With all
‘ my heart, Sir, you’ll do me a pleasure. ’ This
frank Acceptance confirmed him the more in his
first Opinion of this Night-walker, and as they
stept along, Hand in Hand, he said all that Gallan-
try could inspire into a Man of Wit on such an
Occasion, to which the Lady made no returns.
A Footman passing with a Link gave the *Mar-
quess* an Opportunity of discovering a Face which
Nature had form’d to conquer Hearts, and which
indeed made a quick Progress on his. At length
the Lady being got to the Place where she de-
sign’d, told him, ‘ Sir, if my Patience, in listning
‘ to your Railleries, has made you conceive a bad
‘ Opinion of me, rectify your Mistake, and be per-
‘ suaded, that tho’ you have found me alone in
‘ the Street at this Hour, I’m not the less an ho-
‘ nest Girl, since the Occasion of my coming out,
‘ was to call a Midwife to my Mother, in Labour,
‘ while our Maid, who has more Experience in
‘ such Affairs than I, remain’d to attend her; here’s
‘ the House, so I thank you, Sir, for your Civili-
‘ ty, and wish you a Good-night. Madam, *said*
‘ *he*, *charm’d with her Beauty and Behaviour*, I’m
‘ so much persuaded of your Virtue, and so de-
‘ lighted with the Proofs you give of a strong Af-
‘ fection to your Mother, that, did I leave you
‘ before you was safely returned home, I should
‘ think my self guilty of a most heinous Crime.
‘ ’Tis altogether needless, Sir, to give your self
‘ that Trouble, the Midwife and her Husband
‘ will reconduct me: No matter, *says he*, I hope
‘ you’ll allow me that Honour too.’ The fair
Lady finding that this young Spark was not easi-
ly to be got rid of, was forced to remain at the
Door

Door with him, till the Midwife and her Husband had got on their Clothes: In that Interval, he made a Declaration of Love in a very serious Strain, and concluded, that if the Addressees of a Man of Family and Fortune could be acceptable, he should reckon himself infinitely happy. ‘ My Charms, Sir, *said she*, are too weak to entitle me to your Services, and my Fortune too small to influence you; as for Birth, I might, with Justice, boast of it, since my Father, named the Baron *Duffaie*, and who died six Months ago, was descended of one of the best Families in *Burgundy*, but his Fortune met with so many Rubs, that he has only left me the Quality of a Gentlewoman, and to my Mother, the Hopes of bringing into the World, perhaps in a few Hours, a Gentleman, with the poor Advantage of empty Titles.’ By this time, the Midwife and her Husband appear’d, so that they went all in Company: By the Way, the Gentleman pleaded hard for a Permission to visit the Lady, but she absolutely refused; alledging that her Mother was a very strict Woman, and would by no means allow of Visits, but from Persons of her own Sex, or Relations. ‘ Be so good then, Madam, at least, *ad-ded he*, to let me know where you go to Mass, that I may have the Happiness only of seeing you sometimes.’ He prest her with so much Earnestness to oblige him in this, that, tho’ she had no Inclination to satisfy his Curiosity, yet to be rid of his Importunity, she told him at last, that her Mother and she went usually to the Convent of the *White Friars*. Being now got to the Lady’s House, the Gentleman took his Leave with a sad Heart, but with Hopes of seeing her very soon at Church.

THE Midwife not finding the Widow's Case so pressing as the Daughter had represented, *Isabella*, the young Lady's Name, took the Opportunity of her Mother's Intervals to recount her Adventure. The old Lady approved of her having refused the Gentleman's Visit; adding, that probably he wanted only to divert himself, wheedle her, and give the Public an Opportunity to criticise her Conduct.

At last Madam *Duffaie* was brought-to-bed of a fine Boy, as her Daughter had prophesied. During the time of her Lying-in, *Isabella* went to Mass all alone, and always found the *Marquess* in the Church, who, not daring, out of Respect, to accost her, restricted himself to Bows. In a few Days however, he put on a little Courage, and, coming up to the Lady very respectfully, ask'd News of her Mother's Health, and being told that she was happily deliver'd, he express'd his Satisfaction in so lively and sincere a Manner, that the fair Lady was pleas'd with his Concern, and wish'd that the Source from whence it flow'd might be what she imagin'd. That Sympathy which unites Hearts, join'd to the Esteem she had already conceived for him, wrought so powerfully on her Mind, that she became thoughtful and melancholy. The Idea of the *Marquess* haunted her night and day, and represented him to her Imagination in a thousand lovely Shapes; All the Moments of her Life, except those past in the Church, seem'd dull and insipid; and when the Bell tolled into Mass, her Heart beat high, her Limbs shook, and her whole Frame was convulsive. But if *Cupid* dealt so roughly with this lovely Creature, what Havock did the malicious little god not make in the *Marquess*'s poor Heart? He could neither eat nor sleep; the charming Night-walker made him forget that Nature wanted to be supported with the common Necessaries of Life; he

he fed on her dear Idea, and saw her in his Dreams; or rather, his Imagination represented her constantly before his Eyes, too fond of the Delusion to shut: In short his Passion rose to such a height, that even the pitiless god of Love was moved with his Misery. During the Mother's lying-in, not a Day past, but that our Lovers met and convers'd together; but when she got up and was church'd, they were confin'd to the Language of the Eyes, a poor Resource for such as them! The *Marquess*, no longer able to bear with such a cruel Restraint; and impatient to let his Mistress know the Excess of his Passion, wrote a Letter, which he gave to a little old Man, named *Cristin*, (who presented holy Water to the People coming into Church) and told him, pointing to the Lady, that if he would deliver it, he should have half a Crown for his Pains; 'But take particular Care, *added he*, that the Lady with whom she is don't observe you.' *Cristin* promis'd to acquit himself so well, that he should be satisfied. The young Lady was not so wholly wrapt up in Devotion, but that she could observe the *Marquess* speaking with the little Man, and shrewdly suspected that he would have something to say to her, wherefore in going out, she affected to walk at a little distance behind her Mother, who had received the holy Sprinkling and was gone out, before she advanced to get her Portion; but honest old *Cristin* gave her, very dexterously, what was more agreeable than all the holy Water in Christendom, and begg'd of her Ladyship to bring him the Answer. *Isabella* took the Letter, put it in her Pocket, and the Moment she got home, shut herself up in her Chamber, with that Impatience and Curiosity, which a Lady in her Case may be supposed to have. On opening, she found these Words:

Pardon the Liberty, Madam, which I now take, and permit me sometimes to renew it, still with the Respect I owe you, and which I have laid down as a Law to my self in giving you my Heart. If this presumptuous Declaration be not offensive, I hope you'll favour me with an Answer. Were I but so happy as to obtain this, I should esteem it more than all the Treasures on Earth: I know no Happiness, no Pleasure so great, but that of seeing you, which I humbly beg may be as often as possibly you can, to augment the only chearful Moments of my Life.

THIS Letter had a wonderful Effect on *Isabella's* tender Heart: She began to look upon her self as the happiest Person in the World, to be loved by a Gentleman so discreet and accomplish'd; she found in all his Actions a Character of Honour that convinced her of the Sincerity of his Heart, and made no doubt, but that Fortune resolved to repair, in her Person, the Injuries she had done her Parents. In this Persuasion, she resolved on an entire Submission to the fickle Goddess's Will, but withal to conceal the Amour from her Mother, for fear of Opposition; and to act in such a Manner with her Lover, that he should, of himself, arrive at the precise Point where she wish'd him, without committing her Honour. Pursuant to this Scheme, she took Pen and Ink and wrote the following Answer.

Take care, Sir, not to misconstrue this extraordinary Step, proceeding from Esteem and a modest Behaviour, which I have hitherto observed in you. If our Interviews give you the Pleasure which you say, you may flatter your self, that I'm not altogether insensible; this you'll perceive better by my Care in acquainting

quainting you henceforth, when and where my Mother and I go: Accordingly I'm now to let you know, that about three o' Clock this Afternoon, we're to be at Gautier's Shop in Bourbon Street, to purchase a new Gown; which gives me the more Pleasure, in hopes that I shall find, in the innocent Artifice of Apparel and Dress, Charms that Nature has not bestowed on me, and thereby come nearer to the Perfection I could wish to arrive at, in order to procure your Esteem.

THE next Day, *Isabella* and her Mother going to Mass at the usual Hour, the *Marquess*, who was already in the Church, observed his Mistress put a Paper into *Cristin's* Hands; he went with Fear and trembling to receive his Doom, and retired behind a Pillar to read it: But who can represent the Joy he felt, when he found that the dear Charmer, in place of being angry, had said such kind things as could be expected from a Woman of Virtue and Modesty? Those who have been in the Gentleman's Case, will know the Value of such Letters as this; and for others, whose Hearts have not been touched, let them laugh at this Story, and remain in dull Ignorance, till it pleases *Cupid* to inform them better.

HONEST *Cristin* was almost in as great Raptures on receiving a Crown, as the *Marquess* on what he valued above Diadems. As Love is ingenious, a happy Fancy struck him about his Mistress's Gown: Away he flies to *Gautier*, whom he knew, and proposed that he should allow him, as one of his Men, to sell some silk Stuffs to Ladies that were coming to the Shop that Afternoon, at any Price he thought fit; promising to pay the full Value afterwards, and for security, gave him a Purse of a hundred Louis d'ors, which the Merchant made some difficulty to take, but the
Mar-

Marques insisted that it should be so. As soon as he had dined, he repair'd to the Warehouse, and metamorphos'd himself into a Shop-keeper, then caused them show him the richest Silks, and tell him their Prices, putting by all that were common. He was thus buied, when *Isabella*, her Mother and an Aunt came in : She had no Notion of finding her Lover behind a Compter, and scarce bestow'd a Look on that Part of the Shop, or even on the rich Silks that were display'd, which wou'd have made many a young Woman forget an absent Lover; her Eyes were still towards the Door, and she began to accuse him, within herself, of Neglect and Indifference. In the mean time, the suspected Lover was unfolding a very rich Piece, which the Mother and Aunt rejected directly, judging it would much exceed the Price they design'd to bestow; he shew'd them a second still richer, which they would not so much as look at : Upon that, the sham Merchant said, ' Ladies, I'm sorry those ' Stuffs don't please; but as it is for the young ' Lady, be so kind as to allow her to look upon ' them, and give her Opinion. ' This Voice struck *Isabella's* Ears, and rebounded on her Heart; her piercing Eyes soon penetrated through the Veil of his Disguise; she saw the dear Man where she least expected him, and her Cheeks vermilion'd at the Sight. What a Pity was it, that the officious Fan should have been expanded to hide such charming Blushes! but Decorum made it necessary, that Tyrant of the fair Sex, and the Plague of Man. At length, being a little recover'd, she lookt on the Silk which her Lover presented, and, finding that it was his Choice, would have gladly made it hers, but, reflecting that her Mother would not come up to the Price, she told him, ' Sir my Mamma's ' Choice shall still be mine; shew us other Pieces, ' if

* if you please. ' Immediately one inferior to the two former was presented; but the Price being too high, they wanted to see others, and several were laid out, but as they descended in Quality, they rose in Value, which vexed the Mother, and gave the Aunt Occasion to say, ' Since those common things are so dear, what may be the Price of ' the second that you shew'd us? ' Just the very Question that the Merchant long'd for, and he directly told her a Price so low, that it came not near the half of what the Shop-keeper had put upon it. The Mother, charm'd with the Beauty of the Silk, but still more with the Cheapness, offer'd within a Crown of the Yard of what was demanded, and our gallant Chapman, overjoyed that his Mistress should have such a handsome Gown, accepted directly of the Offer; which made the Aunt say, that her Sister had been a little too hasty, otherwise she might have had it cheaper; ' However as the Bargain is concluded, there's no ' Help: For my Part, *says the young Lady*, I think ' the Silk is exceeding rich, and can't conceive ' how it is sold so low. ' All their Acquaintances flock'd about them for Patterns, in order to go to the same Shop, but the Case was alter'd; no more *Isabella's*; no more *Marquess's* behind the Compter, nor Stuffs to be sold at half their Value. ' Since ' 'tis only to you, *said one of Madam Duffaie's particular Friends*, that those Silks are sold so cheap, ' pray go along with me to the Merchant; ' but the Piece happened to be all sold before they came. Madam *Duffaie* bless'd her Stars for her good Luck, and the *Marquess* his, for bringing it about; and, having paid *Gautier*, retired, perfectly pleased with the Success of his Stratagem.

NEXT to seeing a Mistress, there's a Satisfaction in viewing the very House where she

the lives : Passing and repassing before her
 Door is a Happiness which a *Spanish* Don wou'd
 reckon compleat ; but tho' the *French* are not much
 raptur'd with such distant Felicities, yet our Lover
 preferr'd that Walk to the *Sighing Alley*, or *Cupid's*
Groves in Versailles. One day as he was taking
 his turns, he observed a Man coming out of her
 House, whom he accosted, asking very civil-
 ly his Business there. The Man, who happen'd
 to be a Stay-maker, told him, he had been taking
 Madam *Isabella's* Measure for a Pair of Stays.
 ' Pray how much does she give you? Only eigh-
 ' teen Livres, *answer'd the Taylor*, for Furniture
 ' and all. And I, *replied he*, desire you'll make
 ' them as rich and fine as possibly you can. You'll
 ' tell me, upon the Word of a Taylor, what you
 ' must have, and you shall be satisfied: In the
 ' mean time, here's two Louis d'Ors of Advance;
 ' use all your Skill. When do you think they may
 ' be finish'd? In four Days, at furthest, *answer'd*
 ' *the Taylor*. Give me your Direction, and be sure
 ' not to deliver them till I have seen how they
 ' are.' At the time appointed, the *Marquess* went
 to the Taylor's, and finding the Stays were finish'd,
 ask'd, if he thought they would fit well? Mr.
 Fashioner, a *Gascoign*, and eminently vain, answer'd
 him with a ----- *me d-----e*, *That he would not*
yield his Cut to any in France; and that he would
risque his Reputation on the Formative and Decorative
of Dame Isabella's Bodice. ' In that Case, said the
 ' Marquess, I may personate your Man, and try
 ' them on my self. But, Sir, ----- ' But, said
 ' the Marquess interrupting him, this is a Service
 ' that you must render me, for which there's t'o-
 ' ther Piece.' Catadis, you speak like a Man of
 Honour and Judgment; you're not the first Marquess
 that I have seen lacing a fair Lady's Stays: Besides,

you know our Marshals of France have declared by their Ordonances, that a Gentleman may be a Stay-maker, without derogating, otherwise Parbleu. No Stay-making for Monsieur de Corps-faiseur, sprung in direct Line from a Count of Gascoigny, Governor of Bordeaux, your humble Servant, my own self. Come, Mr. Prentice, to your Post, and receive Instructions for your Government; such as may be within the diminutive Comprehensibility of your Marquisatical Intellectuals; and — But, by good Luck for our Enamorato, sick with this Coxcomb's bombast Stuff, pops in a pretty young Wench, enquiring if her Stays were ready? and the Taylor answering, Yes, the Marquess ask'd the Damsel, if she would allow him to try them on, and that he would pay for the making? She imagining him to be one of those young Wags who want to see Sights, refused the Offer; but Mr. Fashioner, judging that he would be more largely paid by the Gentleman than by the Wench, advised her very earnestly not to reject his Proposal, who had no other view, upon Honour, but to be instructed how to try on another Pair, which he shewed her; Besides, my pretty little Tit, continued he, as Madam my unparalell'd Half, and I my self, known for Persons of Rank, Character and strictest Honour, are to be Witnesses to the operative, experimental and instructive Trial, you have nothing tremendous from the Convoitise of Looks, or Lubricity of Touch. The Girl yielded at length to such forcible Arguments, and allowed the Marquess to put on her Stays, by the Direction of his new Master, who shewed him all the Formalities to be observed. The Wench complaining that they pinch'd her in the upper Parts, the Taylor pulled them with his Teeth: What, says the Marquess, must I do so too? Yes certainly, answer'd the Taylor, this is the effica-

cious liberative Operation, when pinchative in superiour Parts. The Ceremony was not displeasing to the Lover; he gave the Louis d'Or he had promis'd, and paid for the two Pair of Stays, then stript himself, and went in a Dress suitable to his new Character to Madam Duffaie's; telling her, that his Master, being obliged to go to *Versailles* upon a Call from one of the Princesses, had order'd him, his Foreman, to come and try on her Daughter's Stays. Upon which she was call'd down, and came in a loose Night-Gown: She put them on without any Ceremony, knowing that Men of that Trade are accustomed to see naked Breasts, and that no Reserves are to be observed in such Cases, or with such People; he laced, adjusted and examin'd them before and behind, with great Exactness, and pass'd his Hands above and below to give the *Contour*; and, after all these Ceremonies, ask'd, if she was easy in them? But no sooner had he pronounced the first Word, than the Vizard dropt, and she found, in the sham Taylor, the real Lover: For a while she remain'd speechless, but at last, with Blushes and faltering Words, told him, that they pinched her a little above; upon which he put himself in a Posture of pulling them with his Teeth, but she, fancying that he intended to kiss her Breasts, bare, and beautiful to Admiration, retired a Step or two backwards. 'Madam, *said he*, this Ceremony is absolutely necessary to make them sit easy.' Upon which the Mother interfered, and said, 'Come you foolish Girl, let him do his Office; such things are no Novelty to them, and they little think of what makes you blush.' After so absolute Orders, he boldly advanced and greedily got hold of the Stays with his Teeth, but had no Power to withdraw his Lips from so lovely Parts, without a ravishing

vising Kifs, fo dexteroufly given, that the Mother perceived nothing, but the Daughter felt it to the very quick, and her Face redden'd as Fire, which the good old Lady attributed to the Effects of Modesty, and told the young Man, that he must excuse the Innocence of a young Girl without Experience. ' Madam, *said he*, far from blaming those Marks of Modesty, they augment my Respect and Esteem. ' So the Scene being now over, Mr. Stayman received his Money, and walk'd off, highly pleased with the Success of this new Stratagem. A modest Assurance in Love often pleases: *Isabella* was extremely delighted with the ingenious Contrivances of her Lover, and thought he richly deserved a Favour, who could so artfully force a Lady to grant it; when she reflected on the Part he had acted at *Gautier's*, she concluded that the Magnificence of the Stays was a new Effect of his Gallantry; and his generous, genteel Way of obliging, as it convinced her of a sincere Desire in him to please, so it wrought on her Heart more than all the whining Speeches that Art or Eloquence could contrive.

NEXT Day, *Madam Duffaie* received a Bundle containing a pretty large Quantity of fine Lace, Mullins, Lawns and *Dutch Linen*, and on opening found inclosed the following Billet.

MADAM,
YOUR Husband upon his returning from *Flanders*, had purchas'd the Particulars contain'd in this Bundle, and having neglected to declare them at the Custom-House, they became a Seizure and fell into my Hands; but a Remorse of Conscience obliges me to make Restitution: You have a Daughter of Age to wear them; with your Permission, I appropriate them to her Use. Adieu. Make no Inquiry about me.

MADAM *Duffaie* believed the thing as it was represented in the Letter, but her Daughter suspected from whence this Present came, and resolved to apply them to the Use for which her Lover had design'd them; so that all her Dress was of a piece, that's to say, equally magnificent.

THE *Marquess* had no sooner executed one Project, but his Invention was on the Rack about some new Scheme to oblige his dear *Isabella*, in a Way that could not offend her Delicacy. The Necklace she wore did not answer to the rest of her Dress, and therefore he resolved to furnish her with one that should correspond, and in a Way that she herself should not suspect. One Day as they were at Mass, he chanced to observe a Fellow that had very much the Air of a Pick-pocket; he came up to him, and; after a little Conversation, proposed, that if he would undertake to unty such a Lady's Necklace, pointing to *Isabella*, and bring it to him, two Louis d'Ors should be his Reward; assuring him, that if any Misfortune should happen in the Attempt, he would bring him off; 'Because, *added he*, the Necklace is counterfeit and of no value, and the Lady, whom I know, will pardon you, when I tell her, that what you did was only upon a Wager.' The Pick-pocket, for such he really was, naturally inclin'd to Adventures of that kind, and trusting to the Gentleman's Protection, in case of a Misfortune, fairly undertook the thing; and, with a view to execute it, went close up to the Lady, under Pretext of asking Charity, and while he held out one Hand to receive something, the other was employed in untying the Ribbond of her Necklace behind, which done, and both Ends separately in his Hand, he gave her a soft Stroke on the right Shoulder, and while she turned her

Head

Head that Way, he let go one of the Strings, and drew the other: She attributing the rubbing of the Necklace on her Neck to the turning of her Head, did not in the least perceive the Loss of it, and the Pick-pocket, judging that he was possess'd of a valuable Prize, which his Employer (whom he took for a Brother of the Trade, tho' better equipp'd) had a mind to have, took to his Heels, and went clean off with it; by which means the Lover saved his Money, and got his Design so far effectuated. When the Ladies went out of Church, he followed them, and asked, if they had not lost a Necklace? The Mother turning towards the Daughter, and she at same time putting her Hand to her Neck, both answer'd, Yes; upon which he pulled one out of his Pocket, worth two thousand Crowns, and presented it to the young Lady; telling her, that he had taken it from a Fellow, who had very dexterously untied it, while he was asking Charity from her. The Ladies, deceived by the Likeness of the real and counterfeit Pearl, made no difficulty of receiving this Necklace, and returned the Gentleman many Thanks, who was overjoy'd with his Success.

WE must not be surpris'd at the Marquis de Criton's extraordinary Liberalities; he enjoyed a great Estate by the Deaths of his Father and Mother, and besides, was sole Heir to an old rich Aunt with whom he lived. Next *Sunday, Isabella*, appear'd at Church with a Splendor that eclipsed all the other Beauties: The Sumptuousness of her Clothes, the fine Laces, and the brilliant Necklace, join'd to her own Beauty, charm'd our Lover to such a Degree, that he could no longer resist the Desire of possessing so lovely a Creature, and therefore on returning home, propos'd the Match to his Aunt, who, overjoy'd to find him in that Disposition

position, went the very same Day to Madam *Duffaie's*, where her Proposal was most graciously received. *Isabella* appeared in the Aunt's Eyes worthy of the Nephew's Addresses, and Permission was readily given, both by the Mother and Daughter, for his appearing in Quality of a Suitor. But how strangely was Madam *Duffaie* surpris'd, when, in the Lover, she remember'd the Silk-Merchant and Stay-maker! and, as he had now the same Clothes which he wore the Day he presented her Daughter with the Necklace, she no longer doubted but that it was valuable, as severals of her Acquaintances had assured. Touch'd with so many Proofs of his Generosity, and the Honour he did her Family, she expressed her Acknowledgement in the most obliging Terms; to which the *Marquess* made this Answer: 'Tis I, Madam, that owe you every thing; all I possess in the World is but a Trifle compared to the Treasure which, by your Favour I hope to enjoy; all I dare say is, that a great deal of Love and Respect shall make up the Want of Merit.' He continued to visit his Mistress daily, till the happy Moment of the Accomplishment of his Wishes arrived. Madam *Duffaie* was highly pleas'd with her Daughter's happy Fate, and doated upon her Son-in-law; and the young married Wife thanked Heaven for the unseasonable Hour which gave Birth to this happy Amour.





H I S T O R Y
 O F T H E
 Colloneland Miss *Valence*:
 Or, The
Strange Effects of Chance.
 N O V E L II.

AMONGST the most perfect things of Nature, there's nothing, in my Opinion, so attractive as the Sight of a fine Woman. I'm so firmly persuaded of this, that, since my Heart was capable of being moved, I have sought after all Occasions to enjoy this Pleasure. One Winter that I happened to be at *Paris*, I went often to the *Minim's* Church in the *Royal Square*, lest, I must own, from a Motive
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of Devotion, than to indulge my Eyes with their darling Idols; the beautiful Women, who came in Crowds to that Church : But the brightest of all this numerous Assembly of Beauties, was a young Lady, whom I saw one Day come in, about the Age of nineteen or twenty, attended by a Waiting-maid, and two Footmen, the one holding up her Train, and the other carrying her Prayer-Book, cover'd o'er with Plates of Gold. Nature never fram'd a more compleat Person. To a noble and majestick Air, an admirable Shape, and an exact Proportion of Features, was join'd all that Imagination can form of beautiful Colours. I was so wrapt up in Admiration of this angelical Creature, that I disdain'd to bestow so much as a Look on any other Object, while she was present ; and the very Pleasure of gazing on this charming Woman made me punctual in coming to Church at her Hour. Whether she appear'd in Top-dress or undress, I still made new Discoveries of some particular Beauty, which I had not till then observed, and this gave me unexpressible Satisfaction: But my Happiness was of short continuance ; this fair Lady disappear'd, and however assiduous I was in repairing to Church, 'twas to no purpose, I saw her no more. I could not forgive my own Stupidity, in neglecting to inform my self of her Name, and where she lived, in hopes that I might, some how or other, have found means of being introduced to her ; still I resolv'd never to be at rest till I found her out.

ONE Day as I was going along St. Lewis Street, I saw a Footman at a Gate, with a Livery the same with the Lady's I was in quest of ; I caus'd one of my Servants enquire, at a neighbouring House, the Name of that Footman's Master, and he brought me word, that it was the President *Pin*: Thereafter I accosted the Footman my self, and ask'd,
How

How Miss *Pin* did? He gave a deep Sigh, and said ‘ Alas! Sir, she died yesternight, and we only wait our Mournings for the Interment. ’ This Answer so surpris’d me, that I remain’d immoveable as a Statue, and at last, without speaking, or being able to utter one Word, went home to my Lodgings; where seriously reflecting on this unexpected Death, ‘ What! *said I to my self*, have I no sooner seen such a fine Woman, but that I must bewail her loss? and must my bad Fortune, in concert with Death to persecute me, rob us of this Master-piece of Nature? ’ These Thoughts were so afflicting, that my Acquaintances observed a visible Change in my Looks and Humour.

ONE Night in *Carnaval* Time, as I was retiring home pretty late, I heard a Woman calling with a low Voice from a Window, ‘ Are you there? Yes, *said I*: Receive then this Bundle; ’ which she dropt in the Street. I suspected a domestick Theft, and, with a Design to make Restitution next Day, retired some Steps backwards, to see if I could not remark this House, so as to find it in Day-light; but the Night was so dark, that I could observe nothing. I approached to the Door, and groped about for the Knocker, or something to make me remember the House again; and when I was thus busied, a Person under the Window from whence the Bundle was thrown, on perceiving me, immediately retired: ‘ This Theft is concerted, *thought I within my self*, and the Person lurking here was no doubt come to receive the Bundle which I have got. ’ In the mean time I heard the Door open softly, and, retiring a little aside, saw like two Women coming out; one of them ask’d me very softly, ‘ Have you got the Bundle? Yes, *said I*; Then follow us, *replied she*. ’ After walking about five or six hundred Paces, we stopt at a little Door, where

where having pulled a Rope that answer'd to a Bell at the Window, a Woman came with a Candle, and open'd the Door. I could then observe, that I had got with two young Women, of whom one had a very rich Night-Gown, and appear'd to be the Mistress of the other: As they pop'd in without turning about, I could not observe their Faces. Having pass'd through one Room, they went into a second, and gave orders to the Maid to receive the Bundle, and to tell me, that I should remain in the Anti-chamber; which I willingly did, to see where this Adventure would land. About half an Hour thereafter, I heard a Woman shrieking, as if Murder had been committing; I immediately advanced with my Sword drawn, but had scarce put a Foot in the Room, when I perceived that my Assistance was altogether unnecessary, and so from a Suspicion of their being Thieves, I began to think, that she who cried out so terribly was rendering to Nature, with Interest, what she had borrowed from her: And this Conjecture was soon confirmed by the Midwife's coming out, who clapp'd her Hands, and said, 'Thanks to Heaven, Miss is happily brought-to-bed, and I believe she's sensible now, that she could not have fallen into better Hands than mine.' So away she went, and in repassing made me a low Courtesy, as to the Father of the Child, which she told me was a swinging Boy. After some necessary things were performed, usual in such Cases, the Lady called for Paper, Pen and Ink, and wrote a Letter, to be carried by the Man in the Anti-chamber to the Person to whom it was directed. I took the Letter and went with all Expedition to a certain young Magistrate, for whom it was. I knock'd so long and so loudly at his Gate, that the Porter, wearied with the Noise, came at last and open'd the Door, and seeing

ing me in laced Clothes with a Paper in my Hand, he supposed I was one of the King's Officers come with secret Orders from Court to his Master, and went in all haste to awake the Valet de Chambre, who introduced me into his Master's Bed-Room. He asked, What I wanted? ' To deliver you a Letter, said I. From whom? Read and you'll see; ' which he did, and found what follows.

I'M at last delivered of the troublesome Load, which I had so much Difficulty to conceal; and I may say, that my Precautions have succeeded to my Wish, the Affair being brought to a happy Issue. The Torments I have suffer'd go for nothing, since you was the Cause; that Thought contributed much to my patient supporting of them. The Footman, who is the Bearer of this, may be trusted; give him your Answer: I did not allow him to appear at the Midwife's with his Livery, that she might not know with whom she had to do. Come and see me, as soon as possible, and I'll tell you all that's happen'd.

THE Moment he had read the Letter, he took Pen and wrote this Answer.

I'M ravish'd, my Angel, that you are happily delivered; and more still so, that what you have suffer'd has not alienated your Affection from me. I shall come and see you as soon as possible, and we'll then regulate all things together. In the mean time take particular Care of your self, and feign another Distemper, that the End of the Mystery may answer to it's Beginning: But whatever happens, be assured that my Heart shall be always yours.

HE seal'd the Letter, and gave it to me with four Louis d'Ors that he slipt into my Hand. I return'd

ned to the Midwife's, who told me the Lady had found herself in so good a State of Health that she was just now gone home, and that I need not be in no Pain about the Child, which should have a good Nurse, and be carefully look'd after. To encourage her the better to perform what she promis'd, I put two of the Magistrate's Pieces into her Hands, telling her, 'Here's for the first Month;' which confirmed her in the Opinion of my being the Father. So away I scamper'd to seek out for the Lady's House, which I had no Difficulty now to find, the Direction being on the Letter.

As I was close at the House, I perceived a Man who waited till the Door was open'd; I enquired if he belong'd to that House? and he answering, he did, I asked him, Whom he served in it? 'Miss Valence, answer'd he. Since you belong to that Lady, Friend, deliver this Letter into her own Hands, and here's for your Trouble, giving him the Magistrate's two other Pieces.' This Footman had passed the Night in the Street, waiting for the Bundle which I had got: For having retired when he observed me passing, I had just found my self below the Window in the Nick of Time to receive it from the Chamber-maid, who made no doubt, but that I was the Person for whom it was design'd. As it happen'd to be excessively cold, the poor Fellow walk'd to and fro to keep himself in Heat, which was the Reason that he did not observe the Ladies return, who having a Key to the Gate, went in the Minute they arrived, which made him still wait; and when I gave him the Letter, he believed it was for that he had been order'd to attend, which, with the Help of the two Pieces, made the Gentleman pretty easy. As soon as he got access, he delivered the Letter to his Mistress, who ask'd, How the

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Gentleman did, who gave it him? ‘ Very well,
 ‘ *answer’d he.* Did he not seem to be pleas’d?
 ‘ Upon my Honour, Madam, not only his Con-
 ‘ tentment appear’d in his Looks, but also in his
 ‘ Actions; for he gave me two good Louis d’Ors
 ‘ for my Trouble. Truly, *said the Chamber-maid,*
 ‘ thy Fortune would be soon made, had’st thou
 ‘ often such Nights. I could wish with all my
 ‘ Heart, *said he,* to pass some such at the Expence
 ‘ of blowing on my Fingers; ’ and then retired.
 For my Part, I was beating my Brains how I might
 be introduced to this Lady, and an Occasion soon
 offer’d where I was least expecting it. In a Com-
 pany of Ladies where the Conversation began a-
 bout the Beauties of that Quarter of the Town, I
 was Miss Pin’s Champion. ‘ What a Pity is’t,
 ‘ *said I,* that this charming Girl should have died
 ‘ so soon! All that the Poets have said on Shape,
 ‘ Figure, Features, and in short of compleat Beau-
 ‘ ty, was applicable to this young Lady. ’ The
 Company rais’d a loud Laugh at my Rhapsody;
 and a Friend of mine ask’d me, Where I had seen
 this marvellous Beauty? ‘ At the *Minim’s* Church,
 ‘ *said I.* And it was the President Pin’s Daugh-
 ‘ ter, *replied he?* Yes, the same. And you thought
 ‘ her handsome, *said one of the Ladies?* Certainly,
 ‘ *answer’d I;* so very handsome that I would have
 ‘ neglected every thing for the Pleasure only of
 ‘ looking at her. Pray, dear *Marquess,* *said my*
 ‘ *Friend,* don’t insist upon’t, unless you have a
 ‘ mind to pass for a Man of bad Taste. Sir, *said*
 ‘ *the Lady who had already spoke,* since you have so
 ‘ great Delight in looking at a beautiful Woman,
 ‘ I offer to present you to one, who, if Miss Pin
 ‘ pleas’d you, will infallibly put you into Ra-
 ‘ ptures. ’ One of the Company having ask’d,
 Who it was? ‘ Miss Valence, *answer’d she;* ’ and
 with

with one Voice she had the general Approbation, all the Company allowing that she was the compleatest Beauty in *Paris*, which augmented the Anxiety I had of knowing her; and therefore I told the Lady, that I should be highly obliged, if she would introduce me, having long wish'd to see that renown'd Beauty. ' To morrow, *said she*, if you please to come to my House, we'll go together and make her a Visit. ' I did not fail next Day; the Lady carried me in her Coach to visit this *Venus*, and we were extremely well received, my Introduc'trix being her particular Friend: But how much was I surpris'd, when I found that this fair Lady was the same that I had admired so often at Church, and whom I thought dead, from the Mistake on the Likeness of her Liveries with Miss *Pin's*! The Knowledge of her Adventure made me less reserved than otherwise I should have been, but I found that my free Manner did not displease her. As she was giving some Orders to a Servant, the Lady, with whom I came, ask'd me softly, ' Well, must this yield to the other? No, Madam, *answer'd I*, there's no Comparis'n; and I confess that I never saw any thing that approaches to this Lady's Beauty. ' Before we came away, I ask'd Permission to pay her my Respects now and then, which she readily granted. As we were going out, we met the Magistrate, who saluted the Lady very respectfully, and gave me a Nod, as from a Master to a Servant; at which she was surpris'd, but I told her, that he and I were over Ceremonies. ' What, *says she*, you know this Magistrate and was difficulted for an Introduc'tor here! ' None could have done that better than he, being perfectly well acquainted with Miss *Valence*: ' But I told her, that I chose rather to ly under that Obligation to her than any other. The Magistrate told

told his Mistress, that she had got a Footman who gave himself the Airs of a Man of Quality, when he got into his laced Clothes. ' I suppose he's making Love to some fat Tradesman's Daughter, *said the Chamber-maid*; for when he goes on such Expeditions, he always throws off his Liveries. ' The Conversation went no further. I made a very good use of the Permission Miss Valence had given me to visit her, and was still perfectly well received.

ONE Day as we were playing at Cards, on a Stand by the Fire-side, in came the Magistrate: He was surprised to see me sitting so familiarly with my Mistress, as he supposed; I got up to salute him, but the Lady, who was losing, cried, ' No Ceremony, Sir, sit down and look to my Cards, here's my Point. ' I obey'd, but the Judge, offended with the bad Reception which his Mistress gave him, retired. The Chamber-maid, meeting him on the Stair, ask'd the Reason of his going away so soon? ' Because, *said he*, my Presence might disturb the Pleasure your Mistress takes to play with a Footman. How a Footman, *replied she*? He's a Collonel. ' But without giving the Maid Time to proceed, he continued, saying, ' Yes, a Footman; I know what I'm saying, and his laced Coat shan't impose on me; ' so away he went without further Explanation. The Chamber-maid, convinced from what the Judge said, that I was one of those Sharpers who, by the Help of Dress, get Access to People of Quality, and cheated them out of their Money, did not fail, when I was gone, to ask her Mistress, with whom she thought she had been playing? ' I do not know precisely, *answer'd she*, ' what the Gentleman's Business is, but I'm persuaded he's a Man of Quality, otherwise the La-

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' dy, who brought him here, would not admit him
 ' into her Company ; besides, his own Behaviour
 ' shews what he is. Truly, replied the Chamber-maid,
 ' Madam de Martelle has given you a very fine
 ' Acquaintance ! an upstart *Marquess*, a beggarly
 ' Footman metamorphosed into a Man of Quali-
 ' ty, who has the Art to thrust himself into Quali-
 ' ty Company, with a View to strip them of their
 ' Money. Who told you so ? Monsieur Pellisson,
 ' said she, naming the Judge ; who, seeing you so
 ' familiarly with that Fellow, went off so abrupt-
 ' ly. Since 'tis so, go this Minute, and give the
 ' Porter Orders to refuse him Access, if he hap-
 ' pens to return. ' Two Days thereafter presen-
 ' ting my self at the Gate, the Porter told me, he
 ' had Orders not to admit me, and I concluded, that
 ' the Magistrate had known me and told his Mistress
 ' what had happen'd, not imagining that he still
 ' took me for a Footman, after what he had seen ;
 ' but he was still in that Belief, and concluded I was
 ' a happy Rival, which made him almost mad.
 ' What, said he to himself, false Woman ! are these
 ' the Promises of eternal Love reciprocally made
 ' betwixt us ? Shall I be rivall'd by a scoundrel La-
 ' quais ? But after all, is there any thing extraor-
 ' dinary in this ? Is it not the general Taste of
 ' Women, now a-days, to prefer the Footman to
 ' the Master ? When they allow such People the
 ' Favour of the *Tapis*, the rest comes of course. ' He was so possess'd of this Opinion, that he
 ' made an Oath never to see her any more, and to
 ' let her know the Reason by a Line, which he imme-
 ' diately wrote in the following Words.

Y O U have told me a hundred times, that my Ab-
 sence was unsupportable to you, and, in my foo-
 lish Credulity, I neglected the most important Affairs

to wait upon you; but now that you have got at home what will indemnify you for the Loss of my Company, allow me to apply my self wholly to the Duties of my Post. If the Footman, who is install'd in my Place, and with whom you was playing so familiarly yesterday, acquits himself well in his new Station, for the future you shall meet with no Disturbance from me. Adieu.

THIS Letter affected the Lady much, fearing to be abandon'd by a Man with whom she had Measures to keep. She immediately gave Orders for the Coach, and went directly to the Lady's House who had introduced me, and ask'd her, Who I was, and if she knew me well? 'Yes, answer'd the Lady; he's a Man of Quality in the Army, who has a Regiment that goes by his own Name, and I believe his Behaviour may have let you see that he's of a distinguish'd Birth.'

MISS Valence, perfectly pleased with this Answer, was no sooner returned home than she wrote the Judge the following Letter.

I Know not what you mean by reproaching me with keeping Company and playing with Footmen: I'm far from having Sentiments so unworthy of my Birth; and if I have bumbled my self to the Rope, I shall not probably descend lower. The Person who has given you the Alarm is considerable in the Army; and I thought a Girl of my Rank might, with Decency, play a Game at Cards with a Gentleman, such as him, without being found fault with. I'm too innocent of what you accuse me, to give my self the trouble of a Vindication. Inform your self better, and, as a Judge of Integrity, render me Justice, and make me Reparation of Honour, which you are call'd to, in more than one Shape. Adieu.

THE reading of this Letter puzzled the Magistrate not a little; he wish'd his Mistress might be innocent, and sometimes believed she was; but when he reflected on my bringing him her Letter, his first Opinion prevail'd.

At length one Day as I was at Play at the Duke of *Richelieu's*, the Magistrate came in, and was strangely surpris'd to find me with blue Ribbons and Marshals of *France*: I perceived his *Embarras*, tho' I seem'd to take no notice of it. When the Hour of parting came, he offer'd me a Place in his Coach, which I gladly accepted, hoping to hear News of his Mistress; but he prevented me by asking, if he had not had the Honour of seeing me elsewhere? 'Yes, Sir, *answer'd I*, at *Miss Valence's*: But, *replied he*, if I'm not deceiv'd, I think I have still seen you somewhere else.' Reflecting then on the Letter which I had deliver'd to him, and the Opinion he had of my being a Footman, I smil'd, without answering; which made him conclude he was in no Mistake, and therefore he begg'd, that I would be so kind as to tell him, by what Accident I came to be the Bearer of a Letter to him. I told him the Story as it happen'd. He ask'd, if the Lady knew it? 'No, *said I*, I did not care to mention it, for fear of making her uneasy.' He extolled my Prudence, and I, his Happiness, in possessing the Heart of so charming a Woman.

IN place of carrying me home, we drove to *Miss Valence's*, but the Porter would by no means allow me to go in, notwithstanding of the Judge's Intreaties, who, suspecting that he had been the Cause of my Banishment, went to get it repeal'd. After throwing himself at his Mistress's Feet, he asked Pardon for what he had written; telling, that

that since the Letter which I had brought him from her, he had always taken me for a Footman. 'Of what Letter do you speak, *said she*? 'I never gave that Gentleman any Commission, 'and I wish he were here to convince you of all 'the Chimera's that have got into your Head, 'He's at the Gate, *said he*; give Orders for his 'Admission, and you'll see if my Suspicion was so 'ill founded.' The Order came, and I was no sooner in the Room than the Lady ask'd, 'Sir, 'did I ever give you a Letter to deliver to that 'Gentleman, *pointing to the Magistrate*? I never 'received one directly from you, Madam, *answered I*, nevertheless it is certain that I deliver'd 'one to him from you. From me, Sir? pray 'explain this Mystery?' Then finding there was none present but themselves and me, I recounted the whole Story. They admir'd the *Effects of Chance*, and begg'd of me to keep the thing secret till they were married, which happen'd in a short time thereafter.





HISTORY

O F

Mademoiselle de Roi:

O R,

The Fatal Consequences of Jealousy.

NOVEL III.



ONE Day as I was coming along the *New Bridge at Paris*, on the Side that looks to the *Exchange Bridge*, and just descending the Steps towards *Dolphin Square*, I perceived a Lady coming from thence richly drest; her Shape and Air answer'd to the Sumptuousness of her Clothes, and when she came so near that I could observe her Face, what Charms did I not discover? I admired it with that Surprise which is the Effects of all-conquering Beauty. While I was gazing with vast Attention, she whom I took for an Angel,

Angel, became as ugly as a Devil. I suppose the Reader will imagine that this strange Metamorphosis was the Effects of some Hellish Charm: Not at all; but occasion'd by a barbarous Ruffian, who, in passing, struck her with all his Force on the Face with an Ink Bottle, and blinded her so that she did not perceive who had given her the Stroke. I immediately run to her Assistance, and begg'd she would cover her Face with her Hood, to prevent the Mob's getting about her, who are apter to insult, than to assist one who meets with such a Disaster. 'Whoever you are, *says she*, I earnestly beg you'll conduct me to some place, where I may be out of Danger of Coaches or more Insults.' I led her into a Gold-Smith's Shop, and sent for a Hackney-Coach to carry her home, and went along with her. In the Way, I ask'd how she came to be alone and on foot, and she told me, that her Habitation was but at a little distance on the *Valley Key*; and that the fine Weather had tempted her to come to the Hall to buy some Lace and take the Air. 'But, *said I*, Madam, what sort of People can they be, who have used you with so much Barbarity? I'm very much deceived, *answer'd she*, if it be not the Effect of one Mademoiselle *Bertrand's* Jealousy, who was my most intimate Friend.' By this time we were got to her House, and I conducted her to her Apartment, where we were no sooner enter'd, than she called to her Woman and said, 'Look, *Fanchon*, into what a miserable Condition *Bertrand* has put me. Can Revenge go further?' With that she pulled off her Hood, and the Maid, sadly frightened, gave a loud Shriek; for it was something very terrible to see the Ink and Blood running from her Face. She wanted to look to herself in the Glass, but I begg'd of her not.

not. The Maid pulled off her Gown quite spoil'd. The Tendrel of her Nose was cut, and her Face and Cheeks terribly mangled. 'What will Monsieur des *Landes* think, *said she*, when he sees me in this Condition? He'll not balance now betwixt my Rival and me; my Ugliness will set out her Charms, too weak before to retain him. How fatal is that Day like to prove to me on which I first saw him, and for which I have so often blest my Stars! When her Face was wash'd and a Balm applied to her Wounds, she went to Bed, and I sat down in Easy-Chair by the Bed's Side. 'If it were not too officious and troublesome, Madam, *said I*, it would be a great Satisfaction to me to know what Reason you have to suspect that Lady of being the Author of such a detestable Action. Sir, *answer'd she*, far from being troublesome, it will be very agreeable to me to tell you the Causes of my Suspicion, and I fancy you'll agree thereafter, that I'm the innocent Victim of her Jealousy. Mademoiselle *Bertrand* and I were, as I have already told you, inseparable Friends. The Death of my Mother happening, and my Father's Illness upon the back of that, hinder'd me from going to visit her so frequently as usual, and I had been for some time without seeing her, when she came and told me, that a certain Gentleman was making his Addresses to her, and begg'd of me to come and see him, and to give her my Opinion: So that, tho' my Father's Distemper augmented, to satisfy my Friend, I went for a Moment to her House in the Neighbourhood, where I saw the Gentleman, who made a very good Appearance. As I was coming out she ask'd, What I thought of him? 'If his Mind answers to his Person, *said I*, you have an accomplish'd Lo-

" ver. "

“ ver. ” My Father’s Death, which happen’d
 “ soon after, giving me more Liberty than former-
 “ ly, she came every day to entertain me with her
 “ Amours, and to magnify her Lover’s Merit; so
 “ that, out of Friendship to her, and perhaps a lit-
 “ tle Curiosity so natural to our Sex, I wanted to
 “ have a little Conversation with him; to see if her
 “ Judgment of his Wit was as just as what she had
 “ said about his Person. Accordingly I went to
 “ her Father’s House, and had a long Chat with
 “ the Gentleman, and found indeed that he was a
 “ Man much above her Reach. She was deligh-
 “ ted to see us discoursing with such Application,
 “ not doubting but that she was the Subject of our
 “ Conversation; and when she ask’d me after-
 “ wards, What I thought of him? “ More than
 “ you have told me, *said I*, and if I had a Choice
 “ to make, it would just be such a Man I would
 “ desire. ” She was overjoy’d with this Answer,
 “ and begg’d of me to come often, and to do her
 “ what Service I could, which I promis’d. But
 “ things took another Turn than what she or I ex-
 “ pected. Monsieur *des Landes*, who had, it
 “ seems, been as well pleased with me, as I was
 “ with him, turned all his Thoughts on a Court-
 “ ship with me. Mademoiselle *Bertrand*, far from
 “ disturbing our Conversation, did all she could to
 “ favour our *Tete a tetes*, believing that all turned
 “ to her Account. But every time I wanted to
 “ mention her, he cut me short, and told me,
 “ Love is not to be solicited as Law-Suits, the
 “ more the Solicitress has Charms, the less she ad-
 “ vances her Friend’s Affairs; and consequently
 “ Mademoiselle *Bertrand* was very much out in
 “ her Politicks to employ you, and I should be
 “ more to blame than her, if I were so blind as to
 “ confine my Wishes to one who is so much infe-

" rious to you in all Accomplishments. You do
 " me a great deal of Honour, Sir, *replied I*, but I
 " can't receive your Addresses without being guilty
 " of the greatest Baseness to my Friend, who
 " has trusted me with her Concerns. What might
 " the World say, if I were the Cause, that what
 " is begun betwixt you should not be accomplish'd?
 " Besides, 'tis by no means fit for me to interfere
 " with another. I swear, Madam, by all that's
 " sacred, that I never made any Proposals of Marriage
 " to Mademoiselle *Bertrand*: I have told
 " her, indeed, several soft things, as any Man
 " would do to a young Woman, but nothing
 " more; neither her Humour nor Birth can do
 " with me. For you, Madam, the Case alters;
 " I know you're of a good Family, and your Merit
 " infinitely surpasses your Birth, and it wholly
 " depends upon you to make me happy. I have
 " Birth, Riches and depend on none; you have
 " neither Father nor Mother, so that if my Person
 " is but agreeable, our Situations wou'd seem
 " to invite us to an eternal Union, and I wish I
 " may be so happy as to find you of the same Opinion.
 " I told him, I would give him an Answer in a few Days;
 " and that, in the mean time, he might be assured
 " that I was not insensible of his Merit, nor of the Offers
 " he made me. ' But first of all, Mademoiselle *Bertrand*
 " must be put out of the Belief that you intend to marry her.'
 " THE first time we were together, I told her,
 " I could not as yet discover, that her Lover had
 " Matrimonial Designs. ' It is however easily seen,
 " *answer'd she*, for on what other does he come
 " here every day, and why should he tell me so
 " many soft and tender things, if that were not
 " his Design? How oft, *said I*, has he told you
 " that he would marry you? for if the Men married

" all

“ all the Women to whom they make Love, they
 “ would have more Wives than the *Turks*. What,
 “ *said she*, wou’d you have a young Man to speak
 “ of Marriage to a Girl? Of what else, *replied I*,
 “ when they intend to marry a Girl? They
 “ ought to address themselves, *said she*, to her
 “ Parents, or cause some Person speak to them.
 “ O, I understand you; that’s to say, *Monsieur*
 “ *des Landes* has either spoke or caused speak to
 “ your Parents. Not as yet, but e’re long he will,
 “ Not so soon as you imagine; for, believing that
 “ your Affairs and his were more advanced than
 “ what I find they are, I spoke to him, and he told me
 “ very plainly, that he never intended to marry you
 “ or ever had such a Design. O, that was because
 “ he wanted to dissemble with you, *replied she*:
 “ But won’t you agree, *said I*, that if he had told
 “ you in express Terms, that he loved you ———
 “ And so he has, *interrupted she*. Patience ———
 “ if he had to *I love you* added, *I design to marry*
 “ *you*, wou’d not you believe the thing to be more
 “ positive? Without doubt, *replied she*. Very
 “ well; then don’t depend any longer on him, for
 “ I know another to whom he has said, *I love you*,
 “ and I’ll marry you. Who is it, *ask’d she*? My
 “ self, *answer’d I*: And do you design to accept
 “ of him? I know not. She said no more, but
 “ in a little retired. The Moment she saw the
 “ Gentleman, ‘ Truly, Sir, *said she*, I know those
 “ who flatter themselves, that, if they please, you’ll
 “ marry them. Those Persons deceive themsel-
 “ ves, Madam, *said he*, for I intend to marry but
 “ one. ’ She taking this Answer on the favou-
 “ rable Side, added smiling, ‘ Mademoiselle de
 “ Roi would not yield her Part to another, and
 “ she even boasts of your having proposed Mar-
 “ riage to her. What, *said he*, did she herself

“ tell you so? Yes, truly; but I did not believe
 “ it. You was in the wrong, Madam, for she
 “ spoke Truth; and if she is not fully persuaded
 “ of my Sincerity, I would beg of you to use your
 “ Interest with her in my Favours. What, *said*
 “ *she*, Traitor, have you the Impudence to tell me
 “ so to my Face? You was cheating me then.
 “ No, *answer’d he*; it was only you that cheated
 “ your self; ’ upon which she flew into a violent
 “ Passion, and was like to burst. Her Father and
 “ Mother came into the Room upon the Noise,
 “ and, being informed of the Subject, begg’d of
 “ the Gentleman, in a very civil Manner, that he
 “ would retire; which he did, and thereafter be-
 “ stowed his whole time upon me: So that the
 “ more I knew him, the more I esteem’d him, and
 “ our Affairs were so far advanced, that when I
 “ met with this Misfortune, I was coming from the
 “ Hall, where I had been purchasing Lace for my
 “ Wedding Head-Suit. ’ As she left off speaking,
 a Gentleman came in, and who should it be but Mon-
 sieur des Landes. ‘ What’s the Matter, Madam,
 ‘ *said he, seeing her in Bed?* ’ She hid her Face
 with her Night-Clothes, and had such a Load of
 Grief upon her Heart, that she could not speak.
 Her Silence confounded him; so turning to me
 (whom he took for a Chirurgeon because I was in
 Black) ask’d, if I thought she was in Danger of
 her Life? ‘ No, Sir, *answer’d I*, provided that
 ‘ the Lady don’t take her Misfortune too much
 ‘ to Heart; and I fancy you can contribute to
 ‘ her Cure. ’ He listen’d to my Discourse with-
 out being able to conceive the Meaning, and my
 Sword and Cross, which he at last perceived, threw
 him still into a greater Perplexity. ‘ Pray, Ma-
 ‘ dam, *said he*, let me know what’s the Matter,
 ‘ and don’t keep me longer in Pain; ’ upon
 which

which the poor Lady was forced to show her Face cover'd over with Plaisters. ' O Heavens ! *cried* *he*, what has happen'd to you ? ' She recounted her Misfortune, and concluded, that it must have been none other but her Rival, who had hired one to mal-treat her in this cruel Manner. ' Let me take Vengeance, *said he* ; I'll endeavour to suit the Punishment to the Hainousness of the Crime. ' His Mistress having exaggerate the Obligations she lay under to me, he gave me a great many Thanks ; and, as he was a Gentleman of extraordinary Merit, I contracted a Friendship with him, and continued since to visit them. Several Days past without Mademoiselle de Roi's seeing or hearing of her Lover. He was entirely taken up with sending submissive and penitential Letters to her Rival, who, not able to rout out the Seeds of Love so deeply grounded in her amorous Heart, was at length so mollified, that she consented to meet with him in a Church, as by Accident, and to hear what he had to say for himself. She was punctual to the Assignment, in full hopes of recovering a lost Lover, and he, in vast Expectation of revenging an injur'd Mistress. O sad deceitful Man ! O poor silly Woman ! He began his Plot with a lively Representation, how nearly he had escaped falling into a Snare laid to ruin him for ever. ' You know, Madam, *said he*, how far I was infatuated with Mademoiselle de Roi's Charms, and how blind to yours, after I saw her ; but the Vizard is dropt ; she now appears in her natural Colours, that's to say, with a Face exquisitely ugly and full of Scars, Marks and Plaisters, extremely suspicious of what I should blush to name, and which I attribute to the Effects of Gallantry rather than to the Accident to which she ascribes them ; so that I'm fully resolved to

‘ abandon her and resume my former Chains, if
 ‘ my insolent and ungrateful Behaviour has not
 ‘ render’d me unworthy of them. ’ Seeing him
 in this Disgust, she rejoiced, within herself, at what
 she had caused to be done, and maliciously added
 Circumstances; such as, *Mademoiselle de Roi’s* be-
 ing much taken up with a certain *Chevalier*, ‘ And
 ‘ for what does such Sparks visit young Girls? ’
Des Landes approved of all she said, and, to ap-
 pearance, they were soon as good Friends as ever.
 She pressed him to come to her Father’s House,
 but he excused himself, pretending a Necessity of
 using Precautions, till he had once got rid of *Ma-*
demoiselle de Roi, with whom he was under strong
 Engagements.

THE real Mistress seeing him no more since her
 Misfortune, began to imagine that he had aban-
 doned her; and what confirmed her in this Opi-
 nion, was a Report of his having been seen with
 her Rival taking the Air in a Hackney-Coach.
 One Day when I had come to visit her, ‘ Well,
 ‘ *Chevalier*, said she, could you have thought that
 ‘ *Monsieur des Landes* would have forsaken me, be-
 ‘ cause I have lost some Part of the little Beauty
 ‘ which I formerly had? and was I not in the
 ‘ right to say, that my Rival had taken an effe-
 ‘ ctual Way to triumph over me? ’ I answer’d,
 that I could not allow my self to think that she was
 abandon’d by her Lover, but rather that he was
 feigning to renew his Addresses to *Mademoiselle*
Bertrand, with a View to draw a Confession of the
 Crime, and thereon to prosecute her legally. Scarce
 had I pronounced these Words, when in came the
 very Man. ‘ I have got my Revenge, Madam,
 ‘ said he, ’tis your Turn now by concluding our
 ‘ Marriage this very Evening: Nothing now is
 ‘ wanting to finish the Piece, but a Priest and your
 ‘ Con-

‘ Consent, which I hope you’ll grant. Come, my Friend, *said he, drawing me to a Window*, I must have the Pleasure to tell you, how I managed this important Affair.

‘ You must know that *Bertrand’s* last Conversation and mine, when I plainly told her that I had proposed Marriage to Mademoiselle de Roi, ended in a downright Rupture. She was in high Rage, and I highly indifferent, and resolved never to see her more; but this barbarous Action, of which I plainly saw she was the Contriver, made me change my Resolution, and form a very odd Project of Revenge. I left no Stone unturned to make Friends with her again, and, what with Submissions and Protestations, join’d to a favourable Disposition in her, and the Pleasure of triumphing over a Rival, I was again restored to her good Graces, and had several private Meetings with her in different Places. At last, when I found that she was screw’d up to a proper Pitch, I proposed, and she agreed to a Walk in the retired Alleys of the *Bois de Bulogne*, where, in one Word, Importunity, favour’d by Opportunity, prevail’d, and I’m much mistaken if she don’t remember me more than nine Months.’ The Lady ask’d what he had told me; I invented a sham Story, not to offend her Modesty, and concluded, that since nothing now remain’d to be done but the Ceremony of Marriage, it was my Opinion, no time was to be lost, for what’s done is done. She consented, and went abroad with her Lover to prepare things. Next Morning early they were married, and took care to let it be known to Mademoiselle *Bertrand*, who, it may easily be conceived, was under the greatest Consternation that can possibly happen to a Woman: A hated Rival happy! a Lover lost! and her-

herself stript of what's most valuable in the Sex at one Blow! nothing under *French* Spirit could bear it: But that Nation has this Advantage over others, that both Male and Female of them are naturally endowed with so much Philosophy, or Levity, I know not which, that Misfortunes of any kind have no Power to ruffle their Tempers above half an Hour, unless supping without Sallad, or going to Bed without a Song and a Capriole. So much by way of Digression. Now to the Story ——— where was I ——— Ay, Mademoiselle *Bertrand* lost her M-----h---d, was got with Child, wept a little, and thought no more on't. And so I have done. ●

THE Event of this Adventure afforded ample Matter of Conversation all over the Town. Some blamed the Gentleman's Revenge, and others approved of it; but the Generality were against him, and concluded that a Man of Honour ought not to prosecute Revenge, however just, in such a perfidious Manner. For my Part, LADIES, I think a Man that seduces a Woman, even by real Protestations of Love, is not a Man of Honour; since his Passion cannot blind him so far as not to see that he does her a horrid Injustice; and, if the Word were not a little too rough, I would call him a Rogue. What then must he be, who, out of meer Spite and Malice, does the wicked thing? This *French-man's* Action is a Master-piece of Villainy, and tho' I don't approve of Ladies hiring Fellows to break Noses, nay further, tho' this Girl's malicious Contrivance against her Rival ought to throw her into high Contempt with all modest and virtuous Women, and certainly will with you, on reading that Part of her Story, yet, I believe, when you come to her Punishment, it will soften your Resentment. Had he exposed her

her Character by publishing what she had done, so far his Revenge had been just, and she could not have stood the Shame: But as it was infinitely above the Crime that she committed, it really lessens in her Punishment, so that I my self now pity this Girl's hard Fate, and look upon the Author as the worst of Men. Pardon me, LADIES, for presuming to give you my little Sentiments on an Affair, about which People of higher Reach than I can pretend to, are divided: Perhaps my tender Regard to the Honour of our Sex, insulted in the Person of this unfortunate *French* Girl, has hurried me into some hot and inconsiderate Expressions, which, when I consider in cool Blood, were altogether unnecessary; for I hope we of this Island have more Spirit than to be *Bertranded* by real or pretended Lovers.

Tho' *Gallian* Dames may yield to Nature's Tide,
To stem it, is our *British* Ladies Pride.
While Reason guides, and Honor is the Shield,
Safe and unmov'd, we traverse *Cupid's* Field;
No base designing Man dares show his Face,
Or make Attempts, where Virtue guards the Place:
Capitulate we will, even fix the Day
Of our Surrender, in an honest Way;
Or on such Terms, as Honor will admit,
And when 'tis glorious for us to submit!
But if the false deluding Creature, Man,
Be vain enough to fancy, that he can

Subject our Pride, entice our honest Hearts
 With Vows and Oaths, and all the practis'd Arts
 Of sly Deceit, that knows no other Aim,
 But first to tempt, and then to blast our Fame:
 Let such long wallow in the Mire of Lust,
 And then, unpitied, moulder into Dust.

" O wicked Wish! *will some loose Female cry,*
 " Thus to condemn, before you taste and try,
 " The only Bliss that, in this wretched State,
 " (To which by some odd Chance it is our Fate
 " To be condemn'd) kind Heaven has reserv'd,
 " And, tho' by Curse curtail'd, yet still preserv'd
 " So sweet, so brisk, so delicate, so high,
 " That may I in the luscious Rapture die!
 " No wonder she who never felt the Flame
 " With which Fruition animates our Frame,
 " Should talk at Random of that Phantom, Fame;
 " But let her once the tickling Pleasure try,
 " She'll laugh at Virtue then as much as I."

Such gilded Profs may Innocence delude,
 And wild Chimera's on the weak intrude;
 But can we not submit to Nature's Call
 A nobler Way, than basely thus to fall?
 Has not Religion pav'd an easy Road

To please the Sense, without Offence to God?
Our Nuptial Rites permit the balmy Kifs,
And with it, every other carnal Bliss.
Shall ramping Man then seize us as a Prey?
And shall we, rampant as their Slaves, obey?
No! never, never, till we safely can
Indulge our selves, and drain the flowing Man.

F I N I S.

